

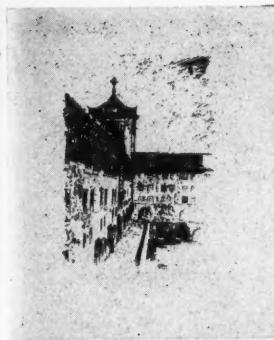
Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR • SEPTEMBER 1941





Our major Seminary begins a new scholastic year this month with 177 students. Twice that number would fail to meet the great need for more priests in our seven mission territories.



Maryknoll

HORIZONS

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions. Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of missionaries are maintained in various sections of the country. The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the hierarchy of the United States as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, June 29, 1911. In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. Our legal title is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated."

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CRUSADE A young seminarian heard an article read during breakfast. The article, from an early issue of *THE FIELD*



AFAR, told that a Student Volunteer Movement had sent 6,000 Protestant missionaries to foreign fields in the twenty-eight years of its existence. The seminarian asked himself: "Could not Catholic students do as well if properly organized?" And thus the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was launched in 1914. The seminarian is today Father Clifford King, S.V.D., a missioner in China for over two decades.

SOCIAL RESOURCES

You who read of the Social Security Board and Bureau of Public Assistance have perhaps never realized that the very active Director of them both is Miss Jane Hoey. As fitting, for one in such a position, Miss Hoey's grasp of social conditions has not overlooked the foreign missions. All missioners will find much food for thought in her recent remark: "Knowledge and information about social resources in a community is an important part of the professional equipment of social workers. To missioners working in a foreign field, it seems equally important that they have a reasonable amount of information about social resources in the country in which they are working; it may be the

touchstone to greater conversion activities."

DOCTOR LI We wish you could all meet Mis Lawreen Li of Hong Kong. The Li family is not a Christian one, but the father feels that a Catholic education in this country is the only kind that will keep his children on a high moral plane. Lawreen got her A. B. at Manhattanville and her M. A. at Catholic University, where she is now preparing for her Ph. D. She then hopes to return to China and work for the social reconstruction of her country. The Li children spend their vacations at Maryknoll, where Lawreen was baptized *Miriam*. We shall miss the Lis when they return home.

FOURTH ESTATE Mission news is always an acceptable item to publishers of our Catholic newspapers. Mr. Patrick F. Scanlon, editor of *The Tablet*, of Brooklyn, assures us that he has a place in his heart and in his paper for our work. *The Tablet* is always ready to sow in new fields the seeds of the fruit of Maryknoll's labors. One little idea was carried to a practical conclusion thirty years, ago, and today Maryknoll is synonymous with saints and martyrs. Just another instance of the mustard seed and God's grace."



It Works *Both* Ways

MANY of us can remember being taught in school that the Chinese were a backward race that worshiped idols, bound their girls' feet, and threw away their babies; that they were so backward BECAUSE they had been shut away from contact with the West (sublime conceit) for ages, and that Shanghai is a great city, and that the Yellow River overflows and causes great damage. No doubt that also was due to the backwardness of the Chinese! At the same time, perhaps, the sons of Han in their village schools got the impression that foreigners, including Americans, were a strange race of devils with huge noses and red hair, enough to frighten a small boy out of

his wits; that foreigners forced opium on China (they did!) and took away much of China's rights and territory (they did!) and brought many evils in their train. And so, *it works both ways*.

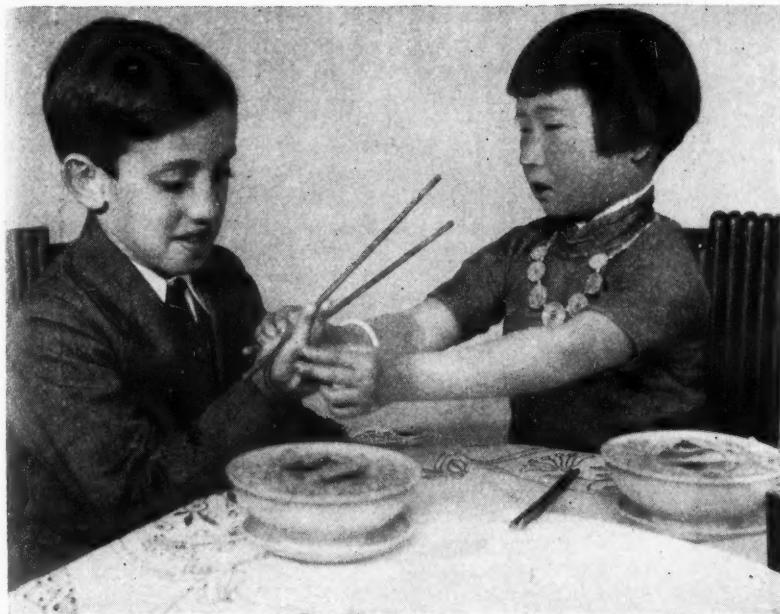
The Chinese have for several generations sent some of the most promising of their sons to our country to gain what they could of western culture and progress. They learned our classics, which are perhaps as good and great as their own; they saw our machinery, which would bring ruin and devastation upon their country if it were adopted by all. They saw our multitudes of literate people: people who can read, and who read the comics

and cheap thrillers; people who can write, and whose business men have their names typed underneath their signatures so that they can be read. They saw here multitudes of people who were literate without culture; and these they could compare with the multitudes in China who were not literate, but who had a heritage of culture and good taste and a world of ancient wisdom handed down to them from ages past. And though few Americans have ever sent their sons or daughters abroad to learn from the wise Oriental, such a procedure might be followed with great profit. For *it works both ways*.

The Chinese have learned from Americans something of sanitation and modern medicine. Some of us are finding out that the Chinese herb doctor has a few secrets worth learning, too. It is true that, un-



Our own American children may look to China and learn from that land the beautiful lesson of genuine filial piety.



Even the children of the Orient can teach us a few things.

der stress of dreadful poverty and superstitious fear, the Chinese mother may on occasion abandon her child. The missions are working to remedy this evil. But we hope that the Chinese may never adopt from America the unnatural practices which are depriving our cities of their youth. May China never be so modern and so versed in foreign ways that, where matriarchs now reign in happy pride proportionate to the number of their sons, there may be found only selfish old women, painted and dressed to look young, whose hearts are full of desolation, and who have no children and grandchildren to rise up and call them blessed. And whereas the Chinese youth may have learned from ours something of independence and initiative, perhaps it would be a good idea to send some of our students to China to learn the meaning of filial piety. For it works both ways.

The Chinese tradesman may marvel at our huge corporations which drive the small merchant out of business; he may even learn something from our efficient ways of management and advertising, but he may find that it is better for his country to have a multitude of small business concerns, each run by a father and his sons with a few cousins and uncles. Perhaps it would be better for our country, too. The Chinese farmer might look in awe upon our methods of farming hundreds of acres with machines; our prodigious efficiency, by which one or two men with tractors can raise enough grain to feed thousands of people, and can raise it so cheaply that it can be shipped to China and sold there at a good profit—to the owner of the farm, who lives on a yacht, and goes to visit his vast domain once a year. But the Chinese farmer might think it better to have his own two acres whereon

own country leaving their land while they wander aimlessly in poverty and despair, crying out for bread, if not for circuses! For modern efficiency *works both ways*.

The Japanese, we are told, have imitated everything they have found worth-while in western countries. We might well do some imitating of Japanese rugged simplicity of living, and our chaos of education might copy something from the hard-headed Japanese system of training people for their state in life. For *it works both ways*.

It is with these ideas in mind that Maryknoll has begun the preparation of a series of TEACHER AIDS for the use of teachers in Catholic schools throughout the country. The people of the Orient need—and deserve—our interest and our help. They need the Catholic Faith, and we can give it to them under God's providence. But it is necessary to teach our Catholic young people the truth about the missions and about the people of the Orient. Most Catholic teachers are willing and anxious to cooperate, but they have neither the means nor the time to prepare the material. Hence, MARYKNOLL TEACHER AIDS: a series of Units of Study—*How the Chinese People Live*, *How the Japanese People Live*—each suitable for a six-week course in the Social Studies, Grades VI-VIII; Visual Aids for the Religion Class; Program Packets full of material for assemblies, Crusade meetings, and summer-school projects.

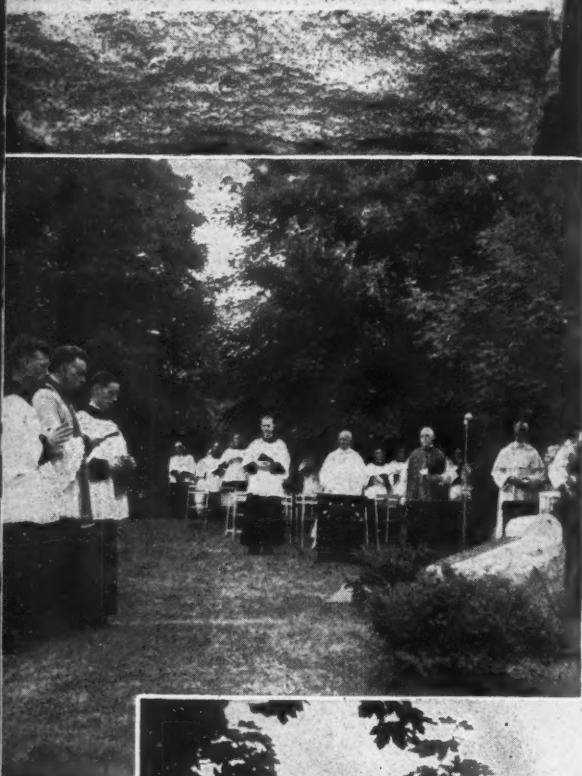
The farsighted vision of Maryknoll's cofounders, Fathers Walsh and Price, foresaw that zeal for foreign missions in this country would bring forth a multitude of home missionaries to carry the truth to those of our own land who sit in darkness.

For *it really does work both ways*.

By JULIE BEDIER

An Historical Event

THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED BY MARYKNOLL
TO PERPETUATE ITS GRATITUDE FOR THE HOSPITALITY
AND COOPERATION OF THE DOMINICAN FATHERS OF
HOLY ROSARY HERE WHERE THE SOCIETY WAS CRADLED;
ITS PROFOUND APPRECIATION OF THE ENCOURAGEMENT
ACCORDED ITS ESTABLISHMENT BY THE ARCHDIOCESE
OF NEW YORK; ITS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE KINDNESS
BESTOWED UPON THE MEMBERS AND LAY SECRETARIES
BY THE DOMINICAN SISTERS OF ROSARY HILL HOME.
ERECTED ON THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
FOUNDATION OF MARYKNOLL, JUNE 29, 1941.



THE time, the place, and the purpose of a recent Maryknoll happening are well told in these excerpts from addresses by Rt. Rev. Msgr. William E. Cashin, Rev. Edward J. O'Toole, O.P.—who spoke in the name of the Dominican Provincial—and Very Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P.

MONSIGNOR CASHIN: The State of New York and the County of Westchester have many significant memorials marking historic sites, or commemorating the noble deeds and the patriotic lives of their illustrious citizens. These memorials always serve a useful purpose. They record in an enduring manner the grateful appreciation in which we enshrine, in our memories, the names and deeds commemorated, and serve as an inspiration to guide us in the pursuit of the ideal things of life.

Today we meet to dedicate another tablet, which marks the place where a great American religious movement was cradled, and which pays gracious tribute to the generosity of the religious men and women who fostered the new movement, who breathed into it something of their own spirit, and sped it on its way to fulfill its God-given mission.

The inscription on the tablet is worthy of attentive reading—for it records volumes of history compressed into a few simple lines. The testimonial inscribed on the tablet reads as follows: "This tablet is dedicated by Maryknoll to perpetuate its gratitude for the hospitality and cooperation of the Dominican Fathers of Holy Rosary, here, where the Society was cradled; its profound appreciation of the encouragement accorded its establishment by the Archdiocese of New York; its acknowledgment of the kindness bestowed upon the members and lay secretaries by the Dominican Sisters of Rosary Hill Home. Erected on the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Foundation of Maryknoll, June 29, 1941."

Anyone who may read this inscription, and who knows Maryknoll, will be prompted to say: "That is typical of Maryknoll and Maryknollers. They never indulge in self-praise. They claim no credit for themselves, but spontaneously and generously give all praise and credit to others." Such an one will see in the inscription a gracious acknowledgment by one of the youngest organizations in the Church of the aid and encouragement given to it by one of the oldest.

Missionary activity is not a novel thing in the Catholic Church. American activity, however, is comparatively new.

When Maryknoll came into existence in 1911, there was dwelling here at that time a community of French Dominicans, exiled from their native France. The *(Continued on page 32)*

Top and middle: The Memorial Tablet is blessed by the Vicar General of Maryknoll. Lower: Father Charles J. Callan, O.P., broadcasts a warm welcome.

Hikkaru Means Light

ONCE read of a man who had so vital an interest in dying that he had his secretary by his bedside as he was dying, and, right to the last breath, he dictated his impressions. What they were is another story. I have been at too many deaths, recording last impressions, to be interested in, or fooled by, the impressions of a dying agnostic.

For instance, I was there when Maria, who was about to die, half sat up in bed and exclaimed: "How beautiful! Oh, can't you see her? She is so beautiful, and she is beckoning to me!"

I was there when Isamu, a seventeen-year-old, died. I gave him the Last Sacraments and was saying the prayers for the dying, when he turned to me and said, "Father, please excuse me for going ahead of you." He was leaving life to go to Life ahead of us all.

But Maria and Isamu were old Catholics. Maybe it is not fair to throw them in the face of an agnostic.

There was Hikkaru—that means light. Hikkaru had been a pagan for the first twenty-four years of his life. His parents believed in Christ; but, with the fine disdain of youth, Hikkaru ignored religion, as being only for oldsters like his father and mother. But he had always been a good boy.

Then Hikkaru fell in love with Our Lady of Lourdes; but, strangely, he did not seem interested in the Son of the Lady.

One day Hikkaru was in great pain; his fever was very high. Then I remembered the bottle of Lourdes water on my closet shelf, and I called Hikkaru's mother after Benediction and gave her some. I told her to have him drink a little at a time and to pray to Mary of Lourdes.

When the mother got home, she put a little of the water in a cup and gave it to the boy to drink. In a moment he was sitting up, his fever checked, the pain gone!

That was just before I received the message: "Hikkaru wants to be baptized right away. Can you come now, Father?" I ran. I flew. I sang a *Te Deum*.

On August fifteenth Hikkaru received his First Holy Communion. The Light came to Hikkaru. Then I took him Holy Communion frequently. One morning he seemed

By REV. EDMOND L. RYAN

frightened about something. I told him: "Don't be afraid, Hikkaru San. You are going to heaven."

You should have seen him smile! That was all he had been afraid of, that he wouldn't go to heaven. His head sank back on the pillow; he stared over our heads, as if he were seeing something. Then he smiled. And he was gone. We knew that he was safe; it must have been Our Lady of Lourdes who had come to meet him.

As I said, I do not care about the impressions of a dying agnostic, because I have seen Maria, and Isamu, and Hikkaru—which means light—die.



The baptism of a dainty little miss begins at the door of Star of the Sea Church in Dairen, Manchukuo. Father Ryan is conferring the Sacrament.

Towards An Even More

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德
怡

A MISSIONER is more or less a man of one book—his dictionary in whatever dialect he uses in his ministry. All dictionaries the world over are, of course, intensely interesting, but this is especially true of Chinese ones. Every missioner spends hours over his dictionary; even the least bookish does, and he perhaps more than the Sinologue, for the latter has learned to curb his curiosity and maintain discipline of the eyes. The common or garden variety of missioner opens his book to look up a word and immediately becomes sidetracked by the first word that meets his eye. Where every word is useful and necessary, it is hard to pass by the ninety-nine in search of the urgently lacking one that caused him to thumb the index.

In Webster's Unabridged, the chief distraction is the derivation of the word; in Chinese dictionaries, the danger lies in the multitudinous meanings of a word and the arresting poetry in every one of them. This might be thought an imperfection in a language; but the purpose of words is to convey a vivid image, and poetry is the language of the seer. English, by comparison, is a pure memory feat, as the word in itself so often conveys no meaning except to the lexicographer. One example must suffice: none but a good Latinist could reconstruct the picture of a "bachelor" as "a young soldier too poor to have retainers," so the word in English is no aid to the reader; in Chinese, however, the two characters used signify "a solitary leaf on the family tree," which defines the poor creature nicely in a country of ancestor worship.

The primary aim of words is to clarify an image, yet what boy of school age in America can make anything out of the military terms so abundant in the press these days, such as colonel, corporal, battalion, brigadier general, and a host of others taken from Italian and French? In Chinese the words mean something to the mere civilian: a corporal is the "tent chief"; a captain is "head of one hundred men"; a major is the "connecting chief"; a colonel is the "camp chief"; and a general is the "master" or "model chief." There is quite a psychological value in this latter term: any one who can go through life bearing the title of "the model" has a lot to live up to. Of course "general" in English has poetic kinship to "genuine" and "family," but only a linguist would revert to it.

The poetry in Chinese words is present almost always. An American boy learns that Washington is the capital of his country and that capital punishment is meted to malefactors; a Chinese boy speaks of his capital as "the eminence linked to the people," as sailors are wont to draw a ship through the gorges, or, to change the metaphor, he may call it, "the heights that are crowded." Chesterton mentions the affinity between "police" and "politeness," yet to the average man both words convey no notion of their origin; but the Chinese term their police "the people's soldiers," and they call a soldier "the brave." While it is true with English-speaking people that such origin of words is rarely, if ever, averted to, the opposite is the case with the Chinese; the latter delight in playing on the derivation of words. My name, for instance, in Chinese is "Happiness and Virtue," and every possible occasion of festivity, whether holiday or holy day, b-

Picturesque Speech

By MOST REV. FRANCIS X. FORD

gets some expression of greeting that joins happiness and virtue to the celebration.

It is a pity that in English our saints' names have lost their primary meaning. Were we conscious always of the meaning of our names, they would present a goal to aim at in many cases and lead us to cultivate at least the natural virtues: John (the gift of God) or Austin (reverence) would have an added message for us. In China all names are chosen with that end in view, and though the end attained by pagans is merely picturesque in some cases, it is surprising how frequently the virtues are drawn upon. It sounds at first a bit highfaluting to call your house boy "Clear Justice," but it is no more outlandish than "Milton" or "Hercules," and of course the words in Chinese are sonorous.

This use of a living terminology, of vivid current speech couched in poetic form, is seen to advantage in our Chinese catechism. Catechisms have to be theologically sound, even at the sacrifice of style or simplicity, and at first blush it would seem that poetic Chinese would present insuperable difficulties. As a matter of fact, the pioneer missionaries solved the problem much better than did our western theologians: the former avoided Latinisms and they translated ideas into current language. They were helped in this, no doubt, by the fact that the literary language in Chinese is already fixed, while the English language is more fluid; but at all events it was a happy choice that enables even a pagan Chinese to grasp the meaning of our religious terms with less need of explanation than might easily have happened. "The Holy Action" signifies more to a pagan Chinese than does the word "Sacrament" to an American of no literary pretensions; "Firm Encouragement" means more to a boy than "Confirmation"; and "The Last Applying of Oil" is clearer than "Extreme Unction." "To harbor the harborless" is translated "To welcome the stranger" and is immediately self-evident in Chinese.

A mere reading of the Chinese catechism is refreshing even to the missioner who realizes with something of a jolt that "Chief of Religion" is an accurate term for the Pope, and that "The Founding Companions" of Our Lord describes more clearly the Apostles than does the Greek word. It would do every one good occasionally to restate religious terms in non-technical language, that the vigor of the ideas might be brought home to us anew. The need of studying the Chinese text does that for the missioner, and he sees that "grace" means a benefit, and "virtue" is related to conduct, and by using such synonyms he avoids the rut of routine thoughtlessness.

The missioner is especially refreshed by the poetry in-

herent in the Chinese language, for this makes for picturesque speech. If the virility of a tongue is gauged by the clarity of its common, current terms that still retain the cultured elements of their original meaning and express ideas in striking metaphors, then Chinese is indeed a living language, capable of absorbing bemuddled terms from western languages and transmuting them to nervous idioms for oriental ears.

GOD HAS COME TO STAY

THOUGH there are many interesting features of Catholicism, to the average Oriental the gift of faith is most intriguing.

In paganism he feels the need of religion and its allure only when times of stress come to press upon the soul, as when the Spirit of Thunder hammers down from the skies to awaken the soul to its necessity of keeping the Confucian ideals of wisdom and the five virtues.

Christianity, on the other hand, beckons to the soul in various ways. Consider the doctrine of the Real Presence. God does not need to hammer our souls into consciousness; He merely waits for us to visit Him in His Tabernacle. And how can I fail to remember God when the truth of the Mystical Body tells me that the man working beside me is God's son and brother?

Yet, if these truths impress me so deeply, how can I relate my feelings when I see one of the village youths ascend to the Altar of God on the occasion of his First Mass! The knowledge that one of ours has proved himself worthy of serving God as a priest is a moment of overflowing joy. Why, years ago, how we rejoiced when the news came to the little old village that one of her sons had passed the strict examinations of the Court! And now God has come to stay with us in the person of one of the village sons!

That is why the study of the gift of faith is so full of wonderment for the Oriental. From it we learn that God has come into our lives, quietly, peacefully, and completely—best of all, He has come to stay!—Carl Wong

MARYKNOLL TEACHER AIDS

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When the Robin Sang

By REV. EDWARD A. McGURKIN

IN 1913 Farmer Pai, tiller of the fields outside the old walled town of Fushun, who had been baptized "Francis" in Yellow Gold Village even before the Boxer Uprising, complained of undue severity in the enforcement of Church discipline. He had been aggrieved, he said, and he would have no more of it; he would right his wrong by staying away from the Church entirely. In a word, he apostatized.

The years rolled by, two decades and more. Then Farmer Pai became a fortuneteller. He set up his stand just outside the South Gate of the walled town, and there he stayed for seven years more, away from the Church, telling fortunes, a scandal, a worry, a landmark.

One of the priests who talked with old Francis had been Father Jerry Donovan. On the very day of his capture, he had chided the old man and begged him to return to the fold. Old Francis often told his audience of the brave young priest, and tears would film his eyes.

Finally someone's prayers were heard. Old Francis let it be known that he wanted to come back.

This, roughly, is the background of a little drama which was enacted in North Fushun recently. In the presence of the whole community, seventy-seven-year-old Francis, leaning on a heavy stick, hobbled up to the altar rail, and begged forgiveness: "I have sinned against God. I have offended against all you Christians. I have given scandal and years of bad example. I beg forgiveness. I want to come back . . ."

When the last Mass was over, the Christians all returned to their homes. The churchyard was deserted and peaceful. A fresh spring wind was pushing big, lumpy white clouds across a bright blue sky. The church door opened. Old Francis and the missioner came out together. Some little birds frolicking in the willow trees stretched up on their toes and chirped and trilled, and somewhere far off a robin sang.

SHINING VIRTUE

By MOST REV. ADOLPH J. PASCHANG

THE principle of the Fourth Commandment is taken very seriously by the Chinese, regardless of their religious beliefs. Dishonor to father and mother, whether they are living or dead, arouses scornful public opinion. To teach children filial piety, there are many stories in Chinese literature and folklore pointing out shining examples of this virtue. Not a few are extreme and fantastic, such as the story of the man who dressed in baby clothes and capered childishly before his parents so they should not realize that they were getting old. Various instances of true filial piety have come to my notice, but the most impressive happened here the other day.

A family in a nearby village consisted of an old woman, her son and his wife, and their two children. The old grandmother was blind. Her son, who formerly made a fair living, had recently been reduced by circumstances to scouring the country for chicken feathers and broken glass to sell. The old woman and her daughter-in-law were in the mission rice line. At the first invitation they joined the catechism class and were faithful attendants.

On Sundays the blind woman shuffled a mile to Mass.

The other day the son, home from a scavenging trip, came to say that his mother was unconscious, and that her last request had been to send for the priest. I went back with him and baptized her. She died a few hours later.

These people do not like to handle the dead, even those of their own family. Undertaking is not an honorable profession, nor is pall-bearing an honor. Even the poorest hire somebody else to perform these tasks. Being buried in a coffin, no matter how frail the boards may be, makes up for the miseries of life.

Yet coffins, these days, are not for the poor. So this son and daughter-in-law made a coffin for the old lady out of the boards taken from their one and only bed. They roped the coffin to a pole, and then, one at each end of the pole, they carried her a mile to the church. They borrowed tools, and they themselves dug the grave.

A very simple procedure, and to our minds, perhaps, a merely natural thing to do. Yet the onlookers remarked, "Truly, that is filial piety!"



OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

We experience a new sense of tragedy in the destruction of the Faith in Japan during the two hundred and fifty years that Christianity was proscribed in that country (1614-1872), when we examine an excellent study on the subject lately prepared in Rome. Father Linus Pedot, for his doctorate thesis at the Scientific Missionary Institute of the Holy See, delved into the precious archives of *Propaganda Fide* and brought to light some striking data on the efforts of Rome to save Christianity in Japan when the persecution broke out. If the Holy See had not been frustrated by political forces of the times, we might have a much different picture to look back on today.

Strong hostility to Christianity existed in Japan, but the violent hatred stirred among the authorities had as a principal source the suspicion that the countries from which the missionaries came, Spain and Portugal, had aggressive designs against Japan. Certain superficial evidence, including testimony of the political rivals of the Spain and Portugal of that day (England and Holland), and disagreements between Portuguese and Spanish missionaries, roused the misgivings of Japan's shoguns to open fury.

Once the persecution broke, the Holy See set itself to discovering how the hostility might be calmed. What was Rome's decision? The answer has a familiar ring to all who have followed the Holy See's present-day mission policy, which is that Japanese bishops should be created in order that the spiritual goal, in which alone the Church leaders and all right-minded missionaries are interested, could be completely detached from political entanglements.

The first plan of the Holy See was to consecrate four such Japanese bishops, who would be independent of Spain or Portugal and directly responsible to the Holy See. But selecting the candidates and arranging for their

assumption of authority proved impractical. By previous agreement with Spain and Portugal, the rulers of these countries were to exercise oversight of all evangelization throughout Asia and the Americas. When the agreement was made, it seemed very reasonable, for those rulers alone directed all ships to those continents and gave every sign that they would dutifully serve the interests of Christianity in these newly opened areas. But later they were unwilling to relinquish this "right of patronage." No missionary, they said, could go to any field in Asia unless he was acceptable to them. They would not hear of native bishops independent of their control.

Had there been Japanese bishops, there is the possibility that the shoguns might have relented and, all foreign representatives eliminated, Japanese Christians might have built up a new following even after all communication with the outer world was cut off. The faithful in Japan numbered over 600,000 when the persecution started in 1614; modern effort finds us still with less than 150,000 Catholics in the country.

JOCKEY AMONG CHINESE BANDITS Paul de Geloës grew up in an atmosphere of riches and developed the hobby of riding the family's string of beautiful race horses. He rode so well that he was hailed the best jockey in France, bringing his mounts through to victory in the Grand National. Among other diversions he became a coffee merchant in Java, and he gave further play to his vigorous spirit by traveling widely until his "conversion" at the age of forty-three.

Then a bad-tempered horse threw him, and he suffered long from the injuries. Deciding in the calm of convalescence to become a Jesuit Brother, he rode his last horse on the very day of his entrance into the novitiate and arrived at the portals much patched up, for a new spill had given him new injuries.

The keen-eyed Jesuits took his measure immediately and, despite his years, arranged for him to go on for the priesthood. He was ordained at fifty and went out to Shanghai, where he first set foot in 1904. Tardy as was his arrival, he enjoyed a longer than average career, for he passed away at Suchow only a few weeks ago in the eighty-seventh year of life and the thirty-seventh year of splendid mission activity.

Among the Chinese he became an almost legendary hero. A Shanghai daily on his eightieth birthday said of him, "Today, at eighty, Paul is still a jockey, but he isn't called Paul any more, or even Father de Geloës. To the poor of Suchow he is *Lao Su Shen Fu*, 'friend of the people.' When bandits ride off with a pig or a horse that belongs to one of his parishioners, Lao Su rides out after them. If he catches up with the marauders he says, 'That white horse belongs to my Christian, John Wong,' or, 'That pig with the black snout belongs to Mary Chang.' The bandits grin and turn over the spoils. This is Lao Su."

who fears no bandit, who has no master but the Lord God."

Even at eighty he rode fifty miles on horseback to give the sacraments. He was the idol of all who knew him for his zeal, his simplicity, his ingenuous charity.

AGAIN A MISSIONARY LEPER VICTIM For the third time in twenty years the Italian Capuchins have lost a missioner through death from leprosy, in Upper Brazil. The first two victims were Father Daniel of Samarate and Father Ignatius of Ispra. Now Father Marcellinus of Cusano has passed away.

The disease employed thirteen years to reduce this priest from a handsome figure, with vigor that made twenty-six years of prodigious mission journeys easy and that gave particular power to his eloquence, to a withered, sightless, and decayed hulk from which life finally ebbed in the solitude and silence of his cabin at the leper asylum of Fortaleza. "His face had no longer the features of a man," writes a confrere, "though, indeed, he shone luminously with the spirit of Jesus Christ."

Arriving in Brazil as a newly ordained priest from

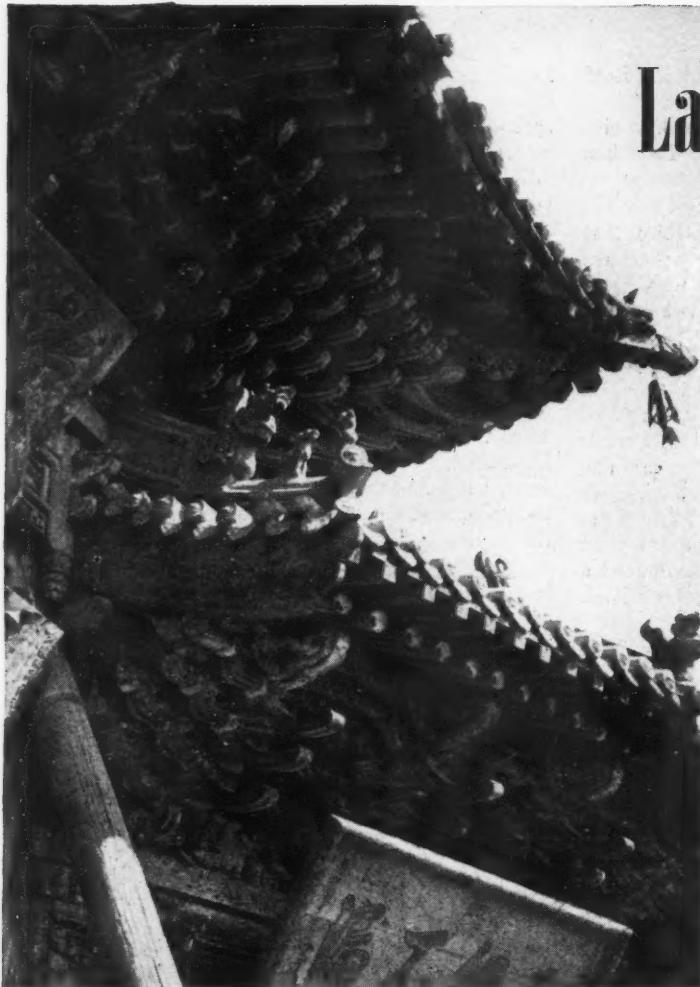
Lombardy, he was assigned to teach twenty hours of class a week in a college, but his exuberance soon won him an appointment to direct mission work. His renown as a speaker put him in the principal pulpits of Brazil, and his skill as a writer made his works highly prized, but his best efforts went into his journeys through the vast thinly settled forest country. Many of these journeys required an uninterrupted six months of privations, and it was during one of them, evidently, that he contracted the dread disease.

A touching incident of Father Marcellinus' suffering was the visit to him of the pious prelate of Grajau, Bishop Robert of Castellanza. Returning from the asylum, the bishop remarked simply to a group of his priests, "I have asked God to spare this good man and to take my life in his stead." God required the holocaust of Father Marcellinus, but offers to us, the awe-stricken onlookers, both the bishop and the priest as examples of the finest among the peerless nobility of heaven.

**The Holy Father's Mission Intention for September:
For the conversion of heretics and schismatics**



A Chinese Dominican, ordained in Tennessee, with Bishop Adrian and former China missioners



The Chinese have a sense of proportion and a capacity for detail.

THOUGH I am still a newcomer to old Cathay, each new day fills me with a strong admiration for the artistic way in which the Chinese do things. They bring to their work a sense of proportion, unlimited patience, and a capacity for detail which surely qualify them as artists.

Take, for example, so prosaic a thing as a rice field. No matter from which side one views the field, the rows of rice look perfectly straight. This is an extraordinary phenomenon, especially when one considers the circumstances under which the rice was planted. There was no harrow or drill, no machine of any kind. Every stalk of that rice was planted by hand, and the planter was handicapped by the fact that there was a foot of water which acted as a basin for the shoots.

Go with me into Dragon Lake's ivory shop, where the owner hires a number of ambitious apprentices to cut ivory and jade for him. One finds there products of in-

Land of Artists

By REV. LOUIS H. HATER

finite patience and exact proportions. The ivory is filed and carved, then bathed in water, cut for days or even weeks; and as a result one finds such beautiful objects as ships, Buddhas, ancestors, busts, and a hundred and one other subjects.

Dragon Lake has also a tailor shop. There I saw a typical Chinese wedding dress which may be rented on occasion. It was made of a fine, silky material. On the back was embroidered a large peacock, surrounding it were any number of smaller figures, and around the edge were three lines of silver stitching. Six weeks were required to make this dress, with three women working on it simultaneously. Not a piece of machinery was used, but all was done by hand.

My catechist, Peter Seung, can draw characters so beautifully that, when a local shop owner wants some painted in front of his store, he calls on Peter. One day as I was watching Peter with brush in hand drawing his beautiful characters, I asked him why he did not try his artistic bent on something else. Why didn't he draw the picture of someone or of something that he loved very dearly?

Weeks passed, and I had forgotten all about the offhand suggestion. But Peter had not forgotten, and one day he walked into my room with a scroll of canvas under his arm. "Spiritual Father," he said, "you asked me to draw the picture of someone whom I love very dearly. Here."

With that he laid on the desk before me a picture, the like of which I had never seen. It was a picture of the Blessed Virgin, represented in Chinese fashion, and below her were kneeling Chinese maidens. It suggested the idea that the women of China should look to this most holy of virgins and should imitate her virtues.

It was beautiful. And I can't help thinking, as I look at this painting which hangs on the wall of my room, that, just as Peter Seung reflected his deep spirituality on this canvas, so this great nation, once it has learned to live the Christian life, will express that life in beautiful Chinese Catholic architecture, paintings, and other works of art.

You have been waiting for this!



**A BIOGRAPHY OF
MARYKNOLL'S COFOUNDER**

**Bishop
James Anthony Walsh**

ALL THE DAY LONG



DANIEL SARGENT knew Bishop Walsh and has produced a genial picture of Maryknoll's cofounder in his latest book. Ready October first. Longmans \$2.50.

ONE INCH OF SPLENDOR—the slow progress of truth amid pagan ways in Plum Blossom Valley, by Sister Rosalia Kettl, of Maryknoll in China. Ready October first, \$1.

THE LONG ROAD TO LO-TING, a thriller for boys and girls from two to eighty-two. Sixteen pages of illustrations in black and red. Ready now. Board, \$1; paper, 25 cents.

MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

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NAME

ADDRESS

MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

DIVINITY

When missioners persevere in their work in time of stress, they demonstrate to the nation they evangelize that nothing can deter the Catholic Church from its program of presenting Christ to men. They prove before the eyes of all that the spiritual well-being of their people is much more important to them than their own material well-being. They show that preaching the truth is the most vital work on earth. To present this picture by which the Church will be judged is mission work. For there is divinity in the picture.

ANNIVERSARY

Twenty-two years ago this month one of the founders of Maryknoll, Father Thomas Frederick Price, lay dying in a hospital in Hong Kong. Father Price was known as a man who spent the best part of his life in the arduous home-mission work of the most backward Catholic district in this country. It might be wondered why God took a man so thoroughly identified with home-mission work, and chose to develop him as a protagonist of foreign-mission work. The answer lies in the very word "development," and also in the scope and aim that Father Price envisaged in the very beginning of his mission labors in North Carolina.

From the time that he began as a very young priest to circulate among the scattered Catholics and the prejudiced Protestants of his native State, Father Price was animated, not merely by the local need of Church extension that he saw with his eyes, but by the universal need of spreading the Faith that he cherished in his heart. This was strengthened by his own interior conviction as to the apostolic character of his priesthood. He knew why he was ordained a priest and commissioned to preach the Gospel to every creature. He showed this by identifying himself in his earliest years with every promising mission effort that took place.

Father Price was a man manifestly led by God in all his actions. He was noted as a man of prayer because of his continual recollection and evidently uninterrupted communion with God. Yet he was also a man of intense action, as the mere record of his life sufficiently indicates. From the day that he was ordained, he circulated end-

lessly through the villages of North Carolina. He became the zealous initiator and organizer of several foundations designed to provide for the future evangelization of his native State. He conducted a paper to stimulate mission zeal. He traveled everywhere. These accomplishments demanded incessant activity. From the time of his association with the foundation of Maryknoll, he plunged into the active role of making our work known up and down America. When the next step in the development of our Society called for the launching of an actual mission in the Orient, he led the band; and this was followed by nine months of zealous work and active planning for the new mission, until death finally called him.

The life of Father Price is a living demonstration of the fact that there is no opposition between prayer and activity, but rather a tremendous and necessary interrelation. No man could be more active than Father Price, and no man could be more prayerful. Is it difficult to see the explanation? May we not say that he was active because he prayed, and that he prayed because he was full of active zeal? He was a true apostle who worked ever and prayed always.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Few of the students who enter Catholic schools each fall understand the full value of the training which is theirs. Many of them believe that Catholic education differs little from other systems, except for religion classes. They do not know that education according to Catholic standards consists essentially in character formation. The priests, Brothers, and Sisters who teach are interested primarily in turning out strong personalities, not educated weaklings. These teachers realize that reading, writing, and arithmetic are merely means to the greater end of soul development.

Such instructors regard their task of teaching as a mode of life, rather than as a job. They are not concerned with salaries or promotions. Every hour of their lives is consecrated to the welfare of the pupils. Small wonder, then, that teachers in Catholic schools throughout America have emphasized interest in the foreign missions. Realizing that knowledge concerning the Church's far-flung outposts increases generosity of spirit and broadens

vision, they welcome it as an important factor in the character development they seek. Mission interest is not a departure from the teacher's aim, but rather a vital aid towards the attainment of it.

With every expert knowledge and all the possible advantages that can aid in the planned training of a child, the basic solution of the problem still depends on the choice between two approaches that will make or mar both the plan and the child. The choice is between protection and development. You can withhold the child from life, knowing that you are safeguarding at a cost of weakening; or you can project the child into life, knowing that you are strengthening at the risk of endangering. Well-advised parents choose the latter course, while realizing that something must be added to neutralize the danger inherent in the process. Happily they know where to find it. The inspiration of Catholic doctrine and the guidance of Catholic education are the special safeguards supplied by God to meet this problem, and along with that He throws in an angel guardian. These are lavish provisions for the young packages of dynamite, but not too much to keep them in the way they should go. Add a dash of love for the missions, and you complete a well-rounded program that harnesses the bubbling energies of these tiny people to positive goals. Let the child loose in the world, but give him good objectives to burrow into. You will be sure to produce a man, and you may even produce that man's man called "an apostle."

KNOWING YOUR FAITH

Know your religion, its truths, its proofs, and, above all, its value. Study clubs are the order of the day in many places. From a mission point of view, this is a happy trend. We shall have little zeal for the propagation of a Faith we ourselves do not know or appreciate.

Most truly Catholic is that study-club course which includes the missions, their needs, achievements, and methods; for the Church was a missionary body from the beginning. Even under the Old Law the propagation of

divine revelation was more active than we generally suppose, and the Gentile converts, who adored the God of Israel in the synagogues of Greek and Roman cities, were often the readiest listeners to the Apostles. With the New Law missionary activity became a major feature of the true religion.

To know your religion thoroughly is to realize its missionary character. To be ignorant of the missions is to restrict your knowledge unduly. The more you know about the Faith, the more you will understand the divine impatience of the Catholic Church in seeking to spread it among men.

A SINGLE VICTORY

"But we can reach so few and accomplish so little!" Not only is this often the cry of the pessimistic objector to foreign missions, but in certain fleeting moments of depression, when all his efforts seem to freeze in the chill air of pagan indifference, it finds an echo in the soul of the missioner himself. He has occasionally to remind himself that if he should bring but one soul home to God he would have wrought a work of unutterable glory, in view of the heavenly destiny of that one conquest.

Spiritual achievements cannot be counted, for infinity is the measure of a single victory, and eternity its duration.

Besides, we never know how many we do reach. A laywoman and convert of eminence was started on her road to God by a momentary glimpse of an old Irish mother at prayer. Did that devout soul know what a conquest she had made for God?

Let us say that a priest on the mission did convert only one person—a record that would be extremely rare even in the briefest career. Who could count the conversions that, by personal influence and natural increase, would normally flow from an ordinary life lived for God? And what if his convert turned out to be extraordinary—a Therese Martin, a Gabriel Possenti, or a Matt Talbot? When one gets up to those heights, figures do not seem the important thing. And if any man thinks it impossible for an Oriental to climb those heights, he is not the man to consult for a knowledge of Orientals.

DEPARTURE CEREMONY

Just as we are about to go to press, word comes that passports for the 1941 group of outgoing missionaries—twenty of them—may be had, and Sunday, September 14, has been set as the date of our delayed Departure Ceremony.

We are grateful for the prayers and cooperation of our many friends who have made it possible to send forth these new laborers to the field.

By BROTHER PETER NEARY



The task of goatherd was new to the little fellow, but he soon grew fond of the animals and cherished those hours that he could spend on the sunny Manchu hillside.

Little Son of Prosperity

OUT on the vast Manchu plains on the north bank of the Hun River, there is a cluster of low, mud farm huts called the Village of Princely Homes. It is an ancient village, picturesque, quiet, where time is still measured by moons.

A winding earth road takes you to the dwelling where, not long ago, a young farmer, Meng Yu Lin, lived with his wife, who was called Fragrant Orchid. Willows drooping gracefully in front of the thatch-roofed house offered shade and added charm to the rustic dwelling.

The young couple had hoped for a child of their own; and, during the great festivals each year, Fragrant Orchid would travel to a distant temple and there pray long and longingly while her offering of incense burned before a huge image known as the god of births. For years

neighbors in their idle talk had said of them, "They have no face; their family is not complete."

Finally the Meng home was blessed with the birth of a son. That was nine years ago during the Harvest Moon—the eighth month. Because the child's birth had coincided with the harvesting of a great crop, Meng bestowed upon his son the then-appropriate name of *Hsiao Fu Tzu*, Little Son of Prosperity.

Moons passed, and the months grew into years while Hsiao Fu Tzu grew into healthy boyhood, full of mischief. His proud father did everything for the boy's happiness, planning that some day his son would become a great scholar; and his mother patiently took pains to teach him the ways of a little gentleman.

School days were exciting for Hsiao Fu Tzu. His



Digging in the barren field ceased only at the sound of the "Angelus." Then came night prayers in chapel with the other boys—and so, to bed!

bright little mind grasped quickly each lesson, and tiny fingers that labored with a writing brush were fast as lightning with the abacus. Just when Hsiao Fu Tzu's future appeared brightest, everything changed. His father was taken ill and died unexpectedly. The family savings vanished, and things began to look dark, indeed.

LITTLE SON OF PROSPERITY (Continued)

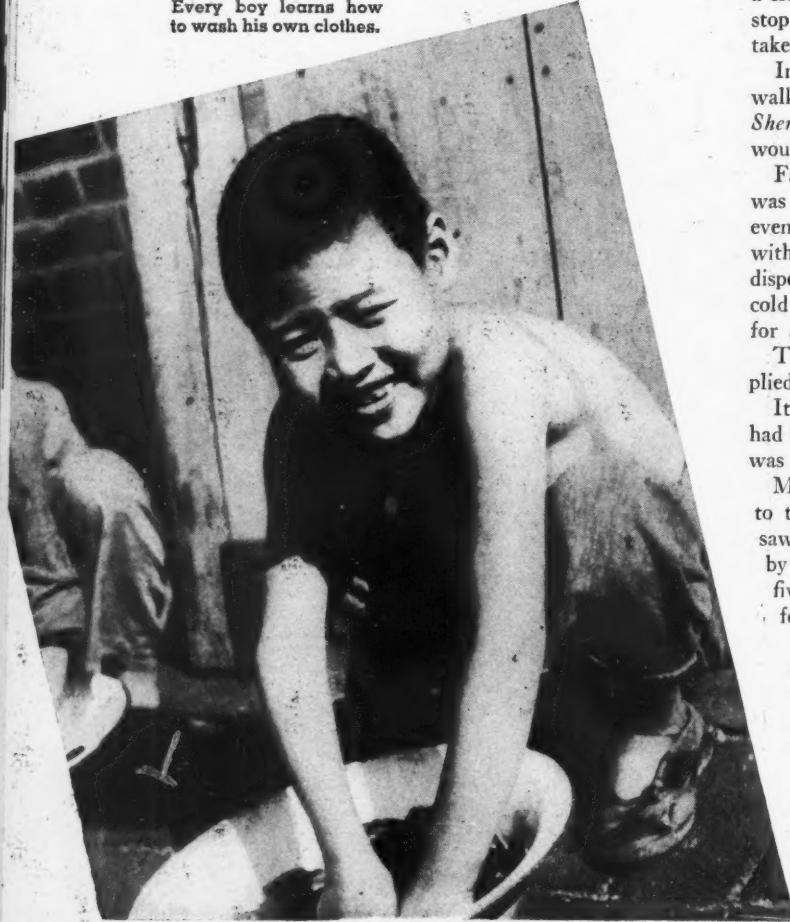
Successive hired farm hands, each lacking interest, accomplished little work. In desperation, Fragrant Orchid went into the fields to get things done. She continued to help, although it was too much for her. Their home had lost its cheer, had been a lonesome place for mother and son since the father had died. So it was not too difficult to leave when the farm and house passed into other hands. Fragrant Orchid's health broke and she died, leaving Little Son of Prosperity alone and penniless.

A childless couple who had for years prayed for a son heard of Hsiao Fu Tzu and took him into their hearts and home. They were pleased that the boy was so gentlemanly, but after a month the would-be father was disappointed because the boy sang too highly the praises of his own father. It was only a matter of time before he tired of Little Son of Prosperity, took him to another town and abandoned him there.

"Ke lien! Ke lien wo!"—Have pity! Have pity on me!" he called as he went from door to door, begging. Bowing courteously, he added; "I hunger to death." And he slept in whatever little nook he could find.

Little Son, although only nine years of age, had char-

Every boy learns how to wash his own clothes.



acter. He always offered to work for whatever was given him. His pleasant ways won friends, and on three other occasions he was taken in for adoption by couples with no sons of their own. Each time he innocently talked himself out of a home by telling how he would never fail to remember his own parents and the loving care they had given him. The place in his little heart that foster parents wanted was already filled. So each in turn abandoned him.

When winter began to descend upon the land of the Manchus, Hsiao Fu Tzu was in rags and without shelter. Lin, the lone stick (bachelor) who conducted a wine store in the Village of Three Dragon Springs, took him in to wash glasses and clean floors and act as general servant. The man was an opium smoker and cruel. He administered severe beatings to the child daily. Hsiao Fu Tzu tried hard to please. He would have run away, but the winter was severe and he had no other place of shelter.

Mrs. Li, a friendly neighbor of Lin, often heard Little Son's screams and felt that something had to be done about the child. She had five little ones of her own and no room on the *kang* (platform bed) for another. One night she could stand it no longer when she heard Hsiao Fu Tzu's screams as Lin beat the child. Mrs. Li grabbed a club, rushed into the opium smoker's house, and did not stop until she had clubbed the man to the floor and taken the child away.

In the morning Mrs. Li and Hsiao Fu Tzu started walking to the town of Fushun. She had heard that the *Shen Fu* (Catholic priest) was kind to children; she would ask him to take the child into his orphanage.

Father Quirk had to tell Mrs. Li that the orphanage was already overcrowded. It was impossible to accept even one more child at that time. But Mrs. Li was not without a reserve plan. She walked into the mission dispensary and addressed the nurse: "Doctor, it is very cold outside. Is it permissible to leave the little boy here for a while?"

Thinking the woman would return for him, Sister replied, "Certainly!" But the *while* ran into months.

It was soon discovered that Hsiao Fu Tzu's little mind had been affected by the beatings and hardships. The boy was frightened by everything, and he cried easily.

Months passed, and Mrs. Li came back to apologize to the priest for the trick she had played. When she saw the care expended on Little Son, she was touched by the charity of all at the mission. Now she and her five children are studying the doctrine and preparing for baptism.

Hsiao Fu Tzu, too, is studying the doctrine. After a little medical care and long spring days in the open, his mind has improved. Some days he helps in the garden, some days he tends the goats. He has always been a courteous little gentleman, still singing the praises of his own parents, who lived not long ago in the Village of Princely Homes and who planned that someday their Hsiao Fu Tzu, Little Son of Prosperity, would become a great scholar.

Missioner in Perpetuity

By MOTHER MARY JOSEPH

EARLY in the morning of July fourth, the soul of Sister Anna Mary Moss, Maryknoll missioner from the Kaying Vicariate of South China, winged its way to heaven, there to continue her blessed work.

Sister Anna Mary had been in the field seven years when cancer began its deadly work, and she was brought home to the Motherhouse after all medical aid in the Orient had failed.

She was a born missioner, and her becoming a Maryknoll Sister was only the crowning of girlhood aspirations. She was in the first group of Sisters assigned to the Kaying Vicariate when Bishop Ford desired to inaugurate a unique program of direct evangelization which proved to be not only workable but also a system of far-reaching importance in mission enterprise.

The Kaying plan requires a period of intensive language study, after which the Sisters separate and live in groups of two in small convents in scattered villages, returning once a month to the center for spiritual and physical refreshment. They visit native women and children in their homes and instruct those who desire to learn about the Faith. Then, at times designated by Bishop Ford, catechumenates are held when all neophytes gather at the center, receive specialized instruction, and are examined before receiving the sacraments.

Such a program means walking mile upon mile over rugged hills and through rough dales, fatiguing work, even though the countryside is of surpassing loveliness and the quest is for souls. Sister Anna Mary was second to none in venturing and in exercising charity. There were always unexpected things turning up. She might go out to see why Maria had missed Sunday Mass, and before the day ended she would have baptized dying babies, discovered a lapsed Catholic critically ill, provoked a pagan household to interest in the Church, or even found lepers by the wayside. Sister Anna Mary "adopted" two such outcasts whom she found in appalling condition one day, and she fed and cared for them until the end.

Because of her aptitude with the native language and a talent for teaching, Sister Anna Mary was placed in charge of the language school; and later, at Bishop Ford's request, she wrote in the Hakka dialect a course of instruction for use in the catechumenates of the Kaying Vicariate. The work has been published in twenty-five pamphlet-size volumes.

A letter from Bishop Ford to Sister Anna Mary arrived a few days after her burial in Maryknoll's God's Acre. It was chiefly to say he would offer Mass for her on her feast day; and, in expressing appreciation of her fine cooperation, he wrote: "When I think of the huge work you did over here in the language, and that your Chinese stories will be told for generations yet to come, I begin to see how God uses us for great things."

So Sister Anna Mary's work lives on here below, while she fulfills her mission in heaven by making intercession for all missioners and their flocks.

Sister Anna Mary, who with the other Kaying missioners visited native homes



ALONG *the* MARYKNOLL NEWSFRONT

SANCIAN ISLAND, SOUTH CHINA

Making a two-day trip in fifty-five days, running the gauntlet of a major war, being fired upon by pirates, and standing guard six days over what was left of his baggage—these are only high spots in the odyssey by which Rev. Robert J. Cairns (Father Sandy) returned to his mission after two years of relief work in Canton.

In his effort to get home, Father Sandy thought the simplest way would be to hire a junk, but the lowest price was \$3,000, so he tried half-a-dozen different ways. When terms were agreed upon (for about half the original price) Father Cairns boarded the vessel. Once the boat got under way, pirate bullets rained down on the little craft. Father Sandy hid what little money he had left in soiled linens, and picked up a good detective story to promote "distraction." Then, when the missioner was within a few hours from home, he had to negotiate the last leg of the trip on another boat. When the sympathy of his converts was expressed, the buoyant Father Sandy waved it aside with his big smile and the casual remark, "Such is life!"

YUNGHUI, SOUTH CHINA

Twenty-four adults from nearby villages are studying here at the Catholic mission, preparing for Baptism. This is the first group to be brought in from out-missions, and they are spending the day in studying every phase of the Catholic Church. Encouraged by the present group, the mission sent two Catholic teachers out to the town of Tang Ven, a bigger community than this but virgin territory so far as the Church is concerned. The teachers found twelve people who are willing and anxious to study the doctrine. Another village, that of Sam Kaai, also gives

Father Burke watches his Cleveland boys, recent converts, play a Chinese game.

Chinese checkers.

great promise. At this last village there are many "abandoned Protestants" who made inquiries from the teachers. Hope runs high for a still greater number of converts. Only one question remains: will there be priests enough to care for them all? Pray ye the Lord of the harvest!

CHIAO TOU, MANCHUKUO

Father Fisher left town the other day to visit the Chia family in Shih Chiao Tze. Word had come to the local mission that Great-grandfather Chia was dying. Five generations of the family greeted the missioner, from the youngest, swinging in a cradle, to the ninety-five-year-old patriarch, whose booming tones resounded through every part of the house. Great-grandfather Chia's only affliction is that he is deaf, so a great deal of loud talk is necessary for the transaction of any business. Baptized sixty years ago in Shantung, the old man has preserved the Faith





well, in spite of the fact that a priest can reach his mountain-valley village only once a year. Father Fisher's catechist, on his return to Chiao Tou, gravely announced, "The aged one knows many more prayers than even I do!"

PINGNAM, SOUTH CHINA A celebration of great import marked the first renewal of vows by the first four Sisters of the Native Congregation of the Charity of the Sacred Heart, at their novitiate. Three other Sisters made their first vows on the same day.

The work of the Sisters will be mainly that of catechetical instruction; all receive, however, a special training in dispensary work to assist them later in contact with non-Catholics, as well as to develop and preserve their spirit of charity by keeping them in close contact with the poor and suffering.

The habit worn by these Sisters is of gray cotton cloth woven by themselves on hand looms, from black and white yarn. In winter they wear in addition a Chinese sleeveless

padded jacket under the scapular. They will thus be an example of simplicity and avoid the criticism of having costly clothing in comparison with the people among whom they work.

From the very beginning, the pre-novitiate convent school at Pingnam received aspirant candidates for the native Sisterhood from the region of Kweilin. When preparations were made a few years later to erect Kweilin as a separate prefecture, a school for these candidates was opened at Laipo, and Rome's approval was given to begin a separate congregation, because of the difference of language and the difficulties of travel between the two regions. On March 19, 1940, the first four novices of the Congregation of Catechist Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of the Kweilin Prefecture, received the habit and began their two-year novitiate.

EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 472.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wu-chow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 189,300 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of New England.
7. They count 76,240 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.



Surrender

By REV. ERNEST E. MAILHOT

FATHER, my daddy is very sick and wants to be baptized." With these words a boy of nine invited me to my first sick call in Japan, so I packed my little bag and asked the catechist to accompany me.

On our way to the house, the catechist explained that the sick man's wife was a Catholic, but that a six-months-old baby had yet to be baptized. He also mentioned that the grandmother, a Protestant, was quite opposed to the Church and that it would therefore be helpful if she were not around when we arrived at the house. As we hurried

of his soul, yet felt that this was but a gesture on my part. Saints really do not need prayers. The grandmother told me that shortly before her son died he repeated over and over, "Jesus, Jesus!" God's merciful grace still seeks out men down the corridors of time. This pagan's answer to the grace offered him was complete surrender to God.

The grandmother has now signified her intention of assisting at Mass every Sunday. Perhaps this is the first fruit of the dying man's prayer, "I also will offer my sufferings for souls."

The grandmother knew how to keep busy about many things. She proved most helpful and kind.

along the narrow path through the fields, we saw an old lady walking some distance ahead of us. "That's the grandmother," said the catechist.

My spirits drooped, but, when we reached the house, there was a pleasant surprise in store for us. Grandmother pushed open the door, bowed low, and said how happy she was that we had come. From then on she was most helpful and kind.

After a brief instruction by the catechist, I baptized the dying man, giving him the name of Joseph. Though he was desperately ill, his mind was clear. The previous night at his request, his wife had read a large part of the catechism to him. He had found nothing to doubt. The reverence and deep appreciation he manifested in receiving Baptism brought home to us the power of God's grace in the souls of men. It was evident also that the grandmother was much impressed with the ceremony of Baptism.

When I anointed the dying man two days later, I told him the old and ever-new story of the cross and of Our Lord's love for men. "How awful, how awful!" he kept exclaiming. Then looking up he said quietly, "I also will offer my sufferings for souls."

Two days later he was dead. I offered a Mass for the repose

Haunted Pawnshop

TENANTS for haunted houses are as hard to get in China as anywhere else in the world. That is how we came to move into the haunted pawnshop. We have lived here for five years, but nary a ghost has showed up yet.

The lichen-covered walls of this pawnshop have stood through the storms of two centuries, and it would be strange if no violence had happened here. It was a place where people came in times of famine to pawn their valuables; and, as always, many of the articles were never redeemed. The garrets became stuffed with treasure through the years. Bandits came. They took the place and made it their stronghold for a generation. They looted the countryside, pillaging the villages up and down the valley; they kidnaped the head men and held them here for ransom; here they let the sons of rich clans languish till relatives bought them back. If the family was unwilling or unable to pay the ransom, dark deeds were done in these rooms.

We have never been able to get a local servant to sleep upstairs, though we ourselves have never been disturbed. One wild night recently the wind rose, troubling the win-

dow frames and sending broken bits of tile rattling down the roofs. The beams creaked as old beams will; for at night an old house is weary, and it groans, wondering when at last it will be left to relax as a ruin. This night the house was stretching itself and yawning, for it had had a long, hard day.

The morning had been well spent, holding the old roof up over two of God's priests saying Mass, and the solemn echoes of the Holy Sacrifice went to quiet those ancient echoes of tortured captives, crying. And there had been a nice bit of work, trying to chase the raindrops away from the leaky parts of the roof, so that the water would not make too much of a puddle on the mud floor of the chapel. Then through the day there had been always the worry about sustaining the shaky old staircases while the Christians came and went. A converted house takes a pride in duties like these: as long as men trust its strength, it must be faithful.

Evening came, and the old house's eyes smiled with lamplight; evening prayers ceased to echo through the courts; the old place closed its gates and shut its eyes for the night. Then the wild wind rose and made it turn uneasily in its sleep.

Strange sounds above the noise of the storm awakened all. One of the servants was crying wildly in the dark and beating on the priests' (Continued on page 31)



A place where people came in time of famine to pawn their valuables



MORE THAN Clay

No one who was old enough to read a newspaper in 1914 can ever forget how the world stood aghast at the bombing of Rheims Cathedral or the burning of the Louvain Library. Next to the loss of human lives and the mutilation of human bodies, this destruction of great works of art in any war outrages civilized peoples more than anything else. Why? Because men recognize that art is something unique and original. Always the product of talent, God-given to the individual artist, a work of art also invariably expresses the spirit of the time and place of its creation. It can



has been, almost as a matter of course, imported from Europe. This assumption of American inferiority in religious art is so universal that, upon seeing original and distinctive works of art produced by a Maryknoll Sister, a visitor to the Motherhouse recently asked, "Is she a

be copied, but it can never be recreated.

This tribute to the greatness of the past is natural and commendable. Normally this reverence for the past is the inspiration of the present. When it serves to discourage originality of expression by contemporary artists, it has become a perverted and destructive influence. Unfortunately, among Catholics in the United States, in regard to religious art, there has grown up a deeply entrenched conviction that nothing good can be produced in our own country today.

Only very rarely, as in the Paulist Church in New York City, has there been any effort to incorporate into our churches the work of contemporary American Catholic artists. Everything, from stained-glass windows for a great cathedral down to simple holy cards,

Left: The Sister artist modeling in clay St. Philomena. "Flower of Martyrs" (below)

By REGINA BRETTON

French girl?"

Obviously astounded when told that the artist is a native American, he asked where she had studied abroad. His astonishment grew, when he learned further that the Sister artist had never studied outside the United States. Yet there were her works—reverent, beautiful, original,—all that one can seek in genuine Catholic art.

This gifted Sister artist chooses to be known simply as "a Maryknoll Sister." I cannot, therefore, tell you her name, though I have met her and visited her studio. In addition to her paintings, which I have long admired, I saw on my last visit to the Motherhouse her two new sculptures—"Lord of Life" and "Flower of Martyrs."

As I stood there, marveling at this versatility of talent, Mother Mary Joseph showed me some of the letters of appreciation she had received regarding the artist's work. Among these was one from the noted mural painter, Augustus Vincent Tack, who wrote in part: "Her drawings are done with great simplicity, inspired by religious fervor and poetic enthusiasm. They not only include spiritual emotion; but the aesthetic qualities of structure, of design and decorative content, are comprehended and expressed. They are very appealing. In their innocence they express great strength, the result of study, of observation, and of feeling."

"Yes," commented Mother Mary Joseph, "God has always been very good to Maryknoll. One of His gifts is the Sister whose creative art produced this painting and sculpture. By sending her here, God has not only enriched Maryknoll; her talent, maturing here in the cloister, has already begun to enrich Catholic art in America.

"In undertaking to make her work available to the public through Chi-Rho Arts, we Maryknoll Sisters aim primarily to develop a new source of revenue for our missionary work. We hope,

at the same time, to further the cause of contemporary American Catholic art.

"In our choice of the name *Chi-Rho Arts*, we have sought to identify this undertaking with Maryknoll and to dedicate it in a special way to the memory of our spiritual father, the late Bishop James Anthony Walsh, who chose as the symbol of Maryknoll the *Chi-Rho* of early Christian art."

Let Your Gifts and Greetings Serve the Missions

Every patron of *Chi-Rho Arts* helps the work of the Maryknoll Sisters. In addition to three Madonnas in color, which have been available for some time, *Chi-Rho Arts* now include two new pieces of sculpture, illustrated here, and a new series of Christmas cards. Entirely different from those of previous years, these 1941 Christmas cards incorporate for the first time prints of the Madonna and Christ Child by Maryknoll's gifted Sister artist. A descriptive leaflet may be secured by writing to the Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P. O., New York.



New Sacred Heart plaque, "Lord of Life," now available in several sizes

Oriental ODDITIES

MID-AUTUMN FESTIVAL The fifteenth day of the eighth lunar month is known in China as the festival of mid-autumn. The moon is always full around the fifteenth of each lunar month. Moon cakes are made and presented to friends as gifts. The children rejoice especially when the moon cakes are available. Merchants often supply them in the middle of each lunar month, although that was not the ancient custom.

It is on this feast that homage is due especially to the god of the kitchen. While in some places women offer sacrifice to the kitchen god on this day, in Peiping only men are supposed to do so. Sacrifice is made to the moon with the usual obeisances. A Peiping proverb has it that "men do not bow to the moon; women do not sacrifice to the god of the kitchen." This is because the moon represents the female principle in nature, while the sun represents the male principle. It would not be fitting, therefore, for a man to worship the moon, whereas the head of the household—the father—would naturally sacrifice to the kitchen god.

MOON EFFIGIES Moon effigies are made of paper, on the upper part of which is painted the goddess of the moon in the form of a bodhisattva. A bodhisattva, by the way, is the Buddhist saint who defers his entry to Nirvana until all other living beings have been saved. The goddess of the moon fled to the moon after stealing from her husband, the archer Hou I, the elixir of immortality. Hou I later became the god of the sun, and the two are thought to meet once a month at the time of the new moon.

On the lower part of the moon effigy, Chinese artists paint the moon's disk, known as "the palace of the moon." On the disk is shown the jade rabbit, which is everlastingly compounding the elixir of life. One often sees this figure of the rabbit with pestle and mortar, the elixir giving off golden rays indicative of its value. The worshiper places the moon effigies facing the full moon and thus offers them while burning incense and making kow-tows. When the rite is over, the effigies are all burned with spirit money, as fire is believed to have a supernatural power to render the material objects which are burned beneficial to the gods and the spirit world.

Lotus roots, which are considered a great delicacy, are

offered to friends at this feast. Watermelons are also used, cut in the shape of lotus petals.

MOON CAKES Originally the moon cakes were sacred to the mid-autumn festival, but because of their popularity they may be bought now, in shops nearly everywhere, at the time of the full moon. Some are a foot in diameter, others are but a few inches. The genuine moon cakes should have the images of the three-legged toad and the moon rabbit on top. Some eat them immediately after the sacrifice to the moon, while others preserve them even until the eve of the New Year. There is a very interesting legend told of the moon cakes.

When China was under Mongol domination, spies of the masters were placed in every household. The Chinese were not permitted to gather in groups for conversation, lest they hatch a plot. No weapons were allowed, not even butcher knives or vegetable choppers, for fear the Chinese would use them in revolt. Finally some Chinese conceived the idea of attaching papers to the moon cakes which are sent to one's friends at the mid-autumn festival and of writing thereon a message urging all to rise up against the invaders. It is claimed that the uprising, which resulted at midnight of the mid-autumn feast, accomplished the overthrow of the Mongol dynasty.

Ancient ritual prescribed that sacrificial elements offered to the moon should be round in shape. The origin of the three-legged toad on the moon effigies is not certain, but it is claimed that it really is the goddess of the moon, who has been transformed into a toad. Not infrequently the effigies show a cassia tree, and a woodcutter who seems to be ever chopping down the tree, all in vain—for, as rapidly as he chops the tree, the "giver of life" miraculously repairs its own injuries and continues to thrive.

RABBIT IMAGES Clay models of the three-legged toad and the rabbit of the moon are made and sold on the mid-autumn festival. Often the rabbits are dressed in gown and bonnet with an opened umbrella; others wear armor and helmet and carry a flag; some ride tigers, and others sit quietly.

KITCHEN GOD BIRTHDAY The first day of the eighth lunar month is the birthday of the god of the kitchen, so the temples of the kitchen god are swept and garnished, and for three days crowds visit them to perform worship. Needless to say, those homes which have an image of the kitchen god pay their respects also in the privacy of the kitchen. And, although men are, strictly speaking, the ones to offer the sacrifice, who can doubt but that the women do so on the sly—taking no chances with the god that rules their domain!

The Shoe Squeaks

NEW shoes often squeak, and ours seem to be no exception. September means the new school year and moving-in day for the largest number of Maryknollers we have yet welcomed at the Knoll. It means that every available room (whether paid for or not!) will be doing active service.

We still have quite a few bills to meet in connection with the 62 new rooms just built. About 40 have already been donated. Can you do anything (no matter how little!) toward the \$500 needed for each of the remaining 22?

Your part—large or small—in paying for a room gives you an opportunity to provide a substantial part of the training of many young American missionaries-to-be who will successively occupy these rooms for generations to come. If you have a part in the training of these priests, you will also have a part in their accomplishments. By helping them you will be helping yourself—for God is never outdone in generosity!

For those who are interested in a lasting tribute to a loved one, may we respectfully suggest the consideration of taking a room (or a portion of one) as a memorial? Write to us for particulars if you are interested.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

It is my wish to give \$..... towards the \$500 needed
for a room in the Maryknoll Seminary.

Name
Address



By REV. JOHN A. FISHER

of kindling-seekers? Mud and brick walls surround it—perhaps they had done so for years. Maybe there was some ancient story connected with it—maybe some superstition—to preserve it through so many generations. But there it was, and whenever I was able to get to Pen Hsi Hu I found myself, after a few minutes, strolling out the back door of the mission to make sure the pine was still standing.

It was getting close to Holy Week when I recalled that we should need some palm to be blessed. I called in Peter, my versatile houseboy. Of course, palm was out of the question, Peter assured me, but Father was to have no fear—there would be branches to bless and plenty for all the faithful. I gave little thought to the matter until, just before blessing, a heavy table covered with a white cloth was moved to a place near the altar. When the cover was removed there, to startle me out of speech (for a change), was a wealth of pine boughs.

As I reached for the holy water sprinkler, Peter handed me instead a long pine bough. "Last Sunday at the *Asperges* you broke the top off the metal sprinkler," he explained.

Then just as I was about to let it all sink into oblivion, Peter approached with the processional cross—a sturdy pine branch, straight as a rod, with a crucifix attached!

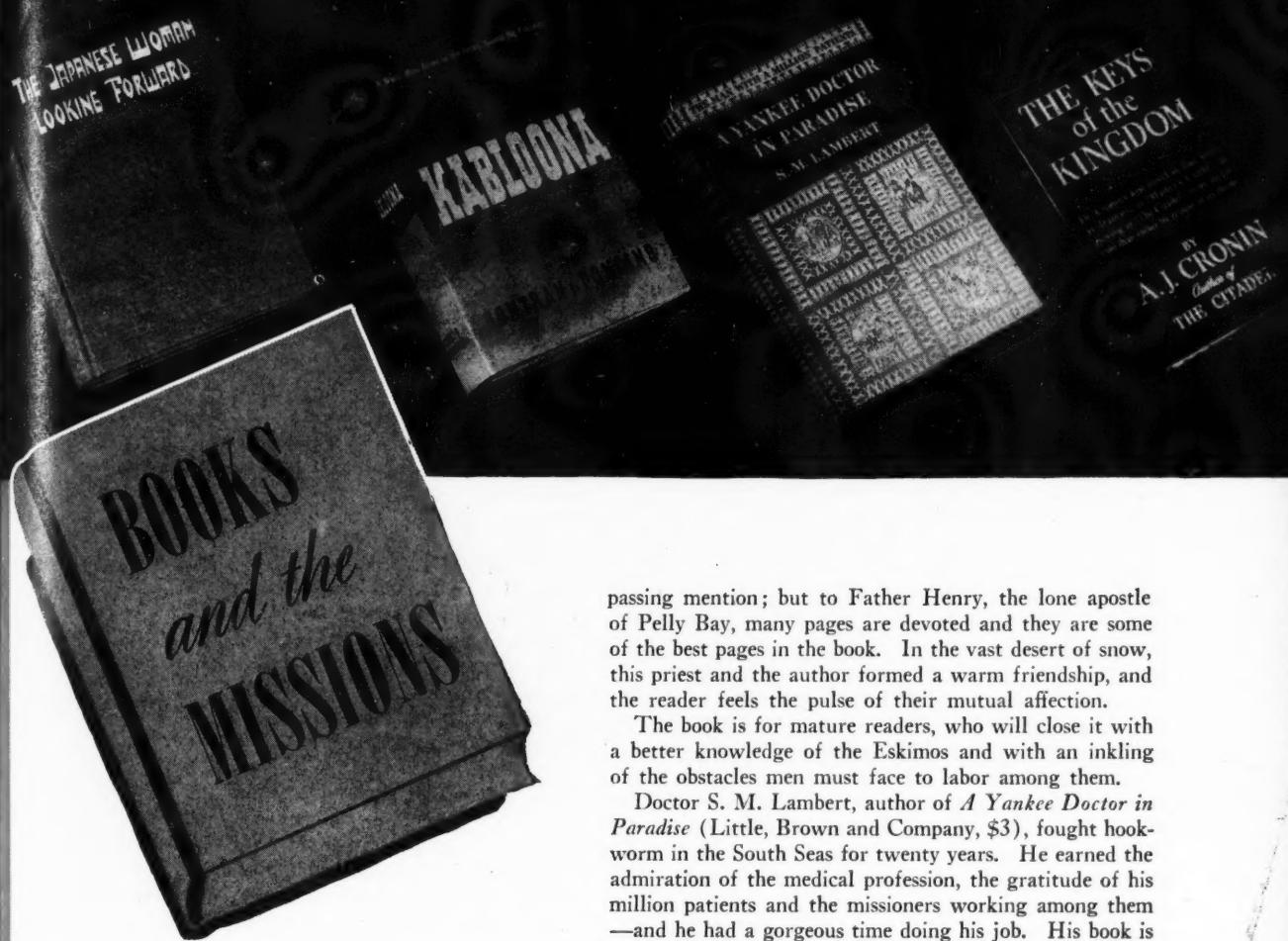
Tale of the PEN HSI PINE

THERE are few trees dotting the hillsides of Manchukuo. For the most part, hills are barren, devoid of vegetation, even to the slightest blade of grass. Trees have grown on these brown, seared hills; but the need of firewood proved stronger, in the mind of the Manchu, than the need of artistic scenery, and even the few saplings that might have emerged from the rocks and rills soon found a place on the family hearth.

Perhaps that is why I have so fond a regard for the one lone pine tree that grows behind the mission at Pen Hsi Hu. I couldn't believe my eyes at first. A tree! And such a tree! How did it ever escape the hatchets

I hurried out as quickly as priestly decorum would permit, expecting to see nought but the naked trunk of a once-great tree. I stood amazed! Only the eye of an expert could see the places here and there where Peter's scissors had trimmed and pruned. The pine seemed to smile back at me, proudly. It looked as if it knew what glory was added to its stature by so sharing a role in the historic drama of its Maker's Passion.

Incidentally, Peter knows nothing of the poem about trees lifting leafy arms to pray. But he knows a deeper reality, that leafy arms can have their part in teaching men to pray.



THE position of women in any country is determined by the religious belief prevalent. Pagan cults do not recognize the dignity of womanhood. It was Christ who established the new law: equality for men and women of every race.

A Dutch missioner in Japan, a member of the Society of the Divine Word, has written a book on this subject. It is *The Japanese Woman Looking Forward* (H. v. Straelen, S.V.D. Tokyo: *Kyo Bun Kwan*)—a book beautifully illustrated with photographs. Father van Straelen has had years of experience in Japan on which to base his observations, although throughout his book he quotes from Japanese sources.

The book is well worth reading. In Japan, where it was published, a second printing followed shortly after its first appearance.

Kabloona (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$3) is an ethnologist's vivid description of a visit among the Eskimos. Count Gontran de Poncins is evidently a *croyant*, for when he meets missioners he expresses not merely the traveler's respect for hardy men bearing hardships unwaveringly; his is the deep admiration of one who understands the spiritual greatness of the men of God who labor for souls in the Arctic.

Bishop Fallaise and a fellow priest loading coal get a

passing mention; but to Father Henry, the lone apostle of Pelly Bay, many pages are devoted and they are some of the best pages in the book. In the vast desert of snow, this priest and the author formed a warm friendship, and the reader feels the pulse of their mutual affection.

The book is for mature readers, who will close it with a better knowledge of the Eskimos and with an inkling of the obstacles men must face to labor among them.

Doctor S. M. Lambert, author of *A Yankee Doctor in Paradise* (Little, Brown and Company, \$3), fought hook-worm in the South Seas for twenty years. He earned the admiration of the medical profession, the gratitude of his million patients and the missioners working among them—and he had a gorgeous time doing his job. His book is filled with fascinating incidents of strange island peoples, European officials, and missioners—all of them having a fair representation among the good, bad, and indifferent. He gives unstinted praise to Catholic missioners—missioners of the Sacred Heart—who have “about the best establishment in the Pacific. . . . Hereditary Methodist though I am, I honor them as the best missionaires and the best hosts in New Guinea.”

China looms large in A. J. Cronin's *The Keys of the Kingdom* (Little, Brown and Company, \$2.50). The country and the career of the story's hero, a Scotch missioner named Father Francis Chisholm, figure only as a background in etching the character of this kindly, catholic-minded priest. The author's interest is not particularly the Catholic Church or Catholic priests, but life; and in this pilgrimage into the life of one who expresses his ideals by service to God in the Catholic apostolate, he at times touches beauty. The book portrays a priest with gifts of soul which spell charm and greatness in whomsoever found.

Dr. Cronin has misfired to a minor degree in his interpretation of such things as the spirit of the Catholic Sisterhood and mission life and procedure. However, this does not deprive him of great credit for journeying so skillfully over a difficult terrain.

All books mentioned on this page may be purchased through *Maryknoll Bookshelf*, *Maryknoll P.O.*, N.Y.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD child, with but a few pennies to spend, sacrifices her coins to help mend a roof in China. The child is Marian Naber of Florida. We were thrilled with the story as it came in a letter from Marian's mother.

"The enclosed letter is from my baby. She is planning on being a missioner and for many months has considered a certain *Shen Fu* in China as her particular missioner. She found his picture in a mission magazine. Long before that she had had a special love for the 'darling little Chinese children' that (to use more of her expressions) she is 'going to go to China some day to teach.' I read the enclosed advertisement from the Maryknoll Want Ads to the children, and Marian at once volunteered her pennies. The others quite readily chipped in, too. I do not know where this roof is, but wherever the pennies go and wherever the roof is, it will be 'China' for her, and she'll be satisfied. I have four little girls. Anna is eleven, Genevieve ten, Kathryn nine, and Marian five.

"I wish I had more pennies, but I just haven't. All we seem to be able to do toward helping the missions is to pray for the missioners. Counting Marian's *Shen Fu*, we have six we pray for in a special way. God bless you! One day perhaps I'll be able to send you one or more of my girls.

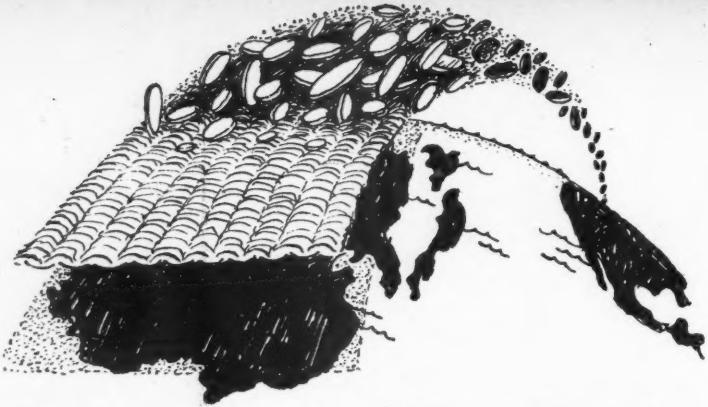
"P.S. Some time ago Marian decided to dig to China, but after a few hours of work decided it'd be better to go by boat, instead, when she grows up!"

Here is the "Want Ad" that touched Marian's heart, and at the left is her letter, just as it came from her mother.

YOTO
her cent—one of ten awaiting.

PENNIES—SIX THOUSAND OF THEM (\$60) are needed at Yungui (Kweilin) to keep the roof from leaking. Roof tiles cost a penny apiece.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



Pennies on the Roof

The splendid mission spirit of the mother has undoubtedly been transplanted deep into the hearts of her children. It is the spirit which has, under God, made it possible for the Church to extend her frontiers in every land. In Marian, in her sisters, in her good parents, it promises great things for the future.

Incidentally—Marian's pennies are the only ones that have gone out to help cover that leaky roof.

WANT ADS Maryknoll Want Ads have been attracting other eyes, too. Some observers have written:

"Some time ago I saw your Want Ad asking help for blind girls in Kongmoon. I was losing my sight and asked for the girls' prayers. I recovered my sight, and now I want to send \$2 every month for a year, to support one of the little girls who prayed for me."

—New York

"What a task it must be to train natives for the Sisterhood and priesthood! Your Want Ad says that a native Sister needs \$6 a month for support. How can you do it? I'm willing to contribute for one a month."

—Ohio

"We try to answer at least one of your Want Ads every month. This little act of charity has brought many blessings to us during the past year, and we trust it has helped in some small way those who are laboring so zealously for souls."

—Pennsylvania

"When I remember how much it cost us to furnish our church when we were building, I wonder how your priests are able to furnish a chapel in Wuchow for \$200. But the Want Ad says it can be done, so here's the \$200." —Rev. Friend, Illinois

BURSES For the benefit of the uninitiated, we state that a complete Maryknoll Burse is \$6,000, and

the interest from it (when we are fortunate enough to receive five per cent) brings \$300, which is substantially the cost of educating a seminarian. Any amount from \$1 may be contributed toward a burse.

Recent contributions toward burses have come from Pennsylvania for *St. Joseph's Burse No. 4* for Native Clergy; from Massachusetts for the *Margaret G. Memorial Burse*; from Massachusetts for *St. Joseph's Burse*; from Wisconsin and from New York for *Student Aid*. The following letter is from Pennsylvania:

"We are happy to be able to add \$200 more to our *Marywood College Burse* for the support of a Maryknoll seminarian. We have collected this amount through our Crusade Unit and hope before long that the goal will be reached. It is a comforting thought to all of us that every four years a new student will benefit from the sacrifice we are making."

—Pennsylvania

"Maryknoll's FIELD AFAR is a magazine worthy of the young glory of the Catholic Church in America—the American Catholic Foreign Mission Society. During the past school year we Crusaders of St. Joseph Seminary have enjoyed it immensely. It is a 'must' mission magazine of every sincere Crusader. This is the greatest compliment we can pay Maryknoll in return for the delightful hours its pages have afforded us.

"God's blessings on you, Maryknollers! God's blessings on you that He may be revered and honored by innumerable multitudes of the Orient!"

—*St. Benedict's C.S.M.C. Unit, Louisiana*

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Most Rev. Theodore H. Reverman; Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. J. Donnelly; Rev. John C. Gazzicki; Sr. Anna Mary Moss; Sr. Mary Gerarda; Sr. Mary Joseph Garvey; Sr. Mary of the Holy Spirit; Sr. M. Emmanuel; Sr. Olivia Lefevre; Sr. M. Bernardo; Sr. M. Anna Joseph Carroll; Mr. P. J. Seaver; Mr. Harry H. Barnes; Mrs. Mary McCoy; Mrs. George F. Schantz; Mr. John J. Whitlow; Mrs. C. J. McCarthy; Mr. Matthew Stapleton; Mr. Charles Reardon; Mr. John Reilly; Mr. T. M. Connors; Mr. Chas. F. Daly; Mrs. Alice Considine; Mr. T. E. Crawford; Mr. S. E. Judd; Mr. Benton Wilkins; Mr. A. Orabold; Mrs. K. McGrath; Mary Loughlin; H. M. Voorde; Mary R. D'Osborne; Francis M. Downing; Mrs. Catherine Sullivan; Mrs. Anna M. Ehrbor; Miss Mary Clanghey; Miss Mary E. Puit; Mrs. Joseph Dugal; Margaret Tully; Katherine Haynes; Dr. C. A. La Pierre; Mary A. Turner; Mr. Crane; Mr. P. B. McCleary; Mr. J. B. Kelley; Mr. Joseph E. Dee; Louise Haggerty; Mrs. Wm. E. McHeffey; Joseph Giacomini; Mr. F. Fay; Mrs. Josephine Scherer; Mrs. L. L. Howe; Mrs. John McDermott; Miss Leona Schehl; Mrs. John Riley; Miss Annie F. Cox; Mrs. R. M. Keating; Miss Annie Sullivan; Gertrude Burns; Mr. Dan O'Brien; Mrs. Hinnebusch; Mrs. C. Connolly; William G. Connor; John Baptist Paradis; Michael Walsh; Margaret A. Hanley; Julia E. Bowan; Dr. Earley; Mrs. Katherine Crady; Mary Fraysse; Mr. John Endres; Mr. Theodore Schitter; Miss Margaret Garrigan; Mrs. Julia A. Merrigan; Mrs. F. M. Long; James Burns; John W. Schweitzer; Mrs. William Eaton; Ernest Guibord; Mrs. M. A. Pye; Laura Wagner; Mrs. Ryan; Wm. F. Burke; Marcella Nachtmann; Russell Nagle; Dr. Patrick Boyle; Mary Rose Marceron; Anne Coveney; Minnie O'Connell; Margaret Cantlon; Charles Maher; Miss M. A. Bisson; Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Holland; James Fahey; Samuel Sammis; Mrs. Mary Barres; Mary Gil-martin; Mrs. P. J. O'Donnell; Mrs. McKinnon; Kalma Masson; Nellie Mallins; Mrs. Margaret Doherty; Mrs. B. F. Drakenfeld; Mrs. Bush; Bertha Overmann; Mary Treanor; Mr. P. E. O'Brien; Mrs. Fountain; Catherine Treanor; Mrs. Cyrille Allison; Benjamin V. Heffernan; Leo Fitzpatrick; Teresa McGowan; James F. Murphy; Nicholas Steinert; Mrs. Catherine Moriarity; Matthew Murphy; Joseph Sammer; Ellen Carey; Mrs. Catherine Murphy; Jane Frances O'Reilly; Teresa Masterman; Gertrude Suter; Mr. Petrak; Mr. L. J. Dornell; Emma Hiat; Mrs. Josephine Brenzinski; Mrs. Mary A. Compers; Mr. Thomas J. Clark.

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

I am a schoolboy, twelve years old. I had to go to early Mass today, so I did not hear your missioner speak, but today at dinner my mother told me about his sermon.

I made up my mind to send a dollar a month to Maryknoll out of my earnings from the newspaper route I have here in our apartment building.

This afternoon I was telling another boy about the missioner's talk, and I guess it must be God's way of blessing me—that boy gave me a new route of twenty-five customers free of charge. I always had to pay 28¢ for each new customer before.

I know that this and other favors I have received are from Our Lady of Maryknoll. May God bless you in your work!

—J. R., Michigan

MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1,000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.

HAUNTED PAWNSHOP

(Continued from page 23) door. Of course we got up, asking sleepily what was the matter.

"Ghosts, Father! They are oppressing me!"

We reasoned with him, and with the others who all came running up to share in the fright and shiver. Reason lacks power to convince at the midnight hour, so there was nothing else to do but get beds moved to the ground floor.

The story got round the town. Heads nodded knowingly. "The old pawnshop! Sure, it always was haunted!"

Now we have to make cramped quarters for all the help and the catechist on the ground floor. We cannot convince them that all these big rooms upstairs are better. This is one of the least reasons why we have started a new church. We hope it will be finished before this place relaxes too much.

Any dear friends who would care to contribute a little toward helping us vacate the pawnshop should not be deterred. Every little bit will go toward a safer sanctuary for Our Lord.

AN HISTORICAL EVENT

(Continued from page 4) superior of this group of Dominicans, Father Cethonay, had been a missioner in China. These good Fathers gave a warm welcome and much needed assistance to the small group of Maryknollers: three priests; and three generous-hearted young women, who had consecrated their lives to promote the new movement as lay clerical helpers.

The period of residence at Hawthorne was indeed a brief one—from October 1911 to September 1912, when the young Society acquired a satisfactory and a permanent site at Ossining. Short as was the time, it was long enough to burn deep in the very souls of the founders a sense of appreciation and gratitude for the timely assistance, the sympathetic understanding, and the valued encouragement, given by the Dominican Fathers and the Dominican Sisters of Rosary Hill Home.

May I record here my deep sense of gratitude to the Maryknoll Fathers for having chosen me—a diocesan priest—to be their spokesman on this occasion.

The Maryknoll Fathers and the Maryknoll Sisters are very near and dear to the hearts of the diocesan priests of the country, and any favor done to them is also a favor done to us. In the name of the diocesan priests of the Archdiocese of New York, in the name of the diocesan priests of the United States, I presume to say to the members of the great Dominican Order: "Thank you for having cradled Maryknoll here at Hawthorne."

In closing, may I appeal to the good friends of Maryknoll who have come here today, to continue your interest in and support of the Fathers and Sisters who are at work in the field afar? They are your representatives in this great campaign for souls. They share with you the merits they gain by their self-sacrificing labor. They need your help. They need your sons and daughters to work with them in the ever-widening field, and to help them reap the harvest. They need the constant support of your prayers. Pray then to the Lord of the Harvest that He will aid and protect those who are now laboring in the foreign-mission field, and that He will send them

an abundance of willing and capable helpers.

FATHER O'TOOLE: God in His high heaven can look down upon so many places on earth, today, which the selfishness of men and the passions of men have made unacceptable in His sight. How, then, He must look down and treasure the place where two began a high romance, where two began a high adventure!

It is an old story to most of you. Yet, even as the story of the crucifixion, may be old in its detail—even so, to you who are branded as followers of these holy men, the story remains ever young, because it is eternal. We know you want no praise. We know that you are happy to be associated with an Order of the Church that desires the conversion of all pagans.

Fathers Callan and McHugh, who have been going to your classrooms, day after day, are known, revered, and loved by you for their generous service. Yet they have also stolen from you, because they have taken from your young zeal, certainly, that incentive to continue and to labor with that same zeal and enthusiasm until the end. It has been a fine bargain, indeed, and certainly the Dominicans publicly confess that they are getting at least the equal, if not the better, of the contract.

FATHER CALLAN: As two distinguished speakers have just said, much has been accomplished by Maryknoll in the brief space of thirty years, but I visualize the future. I am looking out to generations yet unborn, when you and I have long since disappeared from this earthly scene, and when these surrounding villages have been merged into the great metropolis of New York. I can see, in the distant future, travelers, and pilgrims, and historians, and religious seekers, coming here to view this monument. I can see them bowing their heads in mute reverence and going away silent, in wonder and awe, and saying to themselves: "What power, what achievements, wait upon souls on fire for the love of God and for the love of man, such as were the souls of Bishop Walsh and Father Price!"

ADDRESSES

The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Seminary, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.
Maryknoll College, Clark's Summit, Pa.
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:
Akron Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.
Mountain View P. O., Calif.
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.
Houses of Study:
Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley
Rome, Italy, Via Sardagna, 83
Honolulu, T. H., 1701 Wilder Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif., 222 S. Hewitt St.
Manila, P. I., St. Rita's Hall
Cebu City, P. I.
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.

San Francisco, Calif., 1492 McAllister St.
San Juan Bautista, Calif.
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missioners: Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo
For Kaying missioners: Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China
For Kongmoon missioners: Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, China
For Kweilin missioners: Catholic Mission, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China
For Kyoto missioners: Maryknoll, Kyoto, Japan
For Chosen missioners: Catholic Mission, P. O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen

For Wuchow missioners: Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

The Maryknoll Sisters Central Addresses

Motherhouse and Administration: Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.
Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu
Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku, Kyoto, Japan
Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsukuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen
Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen
Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila
South China: Waterloo Road, Kowloon-tong, Hong Kong

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MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

HELP WANTED

Back to school come the children of Kaying. 10 schools each need \$500 a year to keep going. A real help wanted.

While they prepare for baptism, forty neophytes must be fed. \$5 will feed one for the duration of Kochow's session.

An eternal share in a missioner's prayers and sacrifices awaits donors of new rooms in the major Seminary. See page 27.

LAND AND BUILDINGS

Two thousand converts at Szewong (Wuchow) have no church yet. \$2,000 needed.

What is home without a house? \$1,000 will provide a rectory for a Fushun missioner.

Land in sight! but no money to buy new mission property in Kweilin. \$1,000 would buy a good site for church, school, and rectory.

URGENT: His rented house sold, Hikone pastor (Kyoto Mission) has no place for Mass or home, unless he can buy last piece of land—\$2,000, and build new chapel-rectory. \$1,000. Temporarily using a tent for open-air service. Help him out by helping him in.



Native Sisters in Heijo, Korea, are valuable assets to the work for souls in that district. \$5 a month will support one native Sister.

'Tis well we built the new wing on the Seminary—177 students this month! Have you provided a room for one? It's not too late. See page 27.

OPPORTUNITIES

New apostles—natives of Wuchow—the 32 students preparing for the priesthood

need support. \$15 a month each.

Spread your Faith to others. If you can't do it yourself, support a Fushun catechist who will. Each of 100 need \$15 a month salary.

Teachers are helpless unless supported. Kaying's catechists—80 zealous teachers—need support of \$15 a month each.

Sore and bruised the ailing ones are cared for at Chinnampo's (Korea) dispensary. Supplies are running low; \$20 needed for new medicines and ointments.

Labor day comes every day in Kweilin, where the work of rebuilding goes on apace. \$300 will help erect a new chapel.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



Hundreds of old folks, men and women, most of them refugees, look for a home in the Kong-moon Mission. \$5 a month will support one.



CAUGHT NAPPING!

Reports coming in from various parts of the world reveal that there are over one hundred thousand "missioners"

of atheism and hatred. Yet, from all Christian countries only a few hundred priests are going out each year as missionaries of Divine Love to work among more than one billion souls still in paganism. Are we Catholics slumbering? Will it be said of us that we were "caught napping"? For every fifty missionaries of love there are one thousand missionaries of hate working over the world with the zeal of apostles. The solution? That is clear. More missionaries of Christ—thousands more! Will you be one of them? For information write: The Vocational Director, Maryknoll P. O., New York.

